HE

"Croonin' to a body's sel' does weel aneuch."

HEATHER AND HAREBELL.

SONGS AND LYRICS

BY

JOHN MACFARLANE

(JOHN ARBORY.)

Auld hamely mither Scotlan',
Sic mem'ries winna tine ;
My heart grows grit wi' thochts o' thee,
An' dreamings o' lang syne.

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1891, by

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HEATHER AND HAREBELL.

SCOTLAND.

O Scotland! I have loved thee long and well,
  And still thy heather hills are dear to me,
Where Silence weaves for aye her golden spell;
  Thy buchted glens with breckan waving free,
Where, soft and low, the wimpling burn makes moan
  Of sad and tragic sorrow; that may be
An echoed murmur from the ages gone,
  Still breaking on the shore of Life's rough sea:
Thy briery braes, whence springs to greet the morn
  The clear-voiced laverock with its less'ning lay,
As upward soaring, in its heart is borne,
  Earth's purest treasure to the Gates of Day,
The gift of song; and such is thine, O! Land—
  The shade of Burns—the magic wand of Scott—
The rugged grandeur of thy patriot band,
  Whose glory lingers and departeth not.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CLYDE.

Oh! sweet are the smiles o' the simmer sun,
  Whaur the silv'ry Severn shines,
An' many the gardens glittering rich
  That the winding Wye entwines;
But Fancy flies—an' I stand ance mair
  In the purple gloaming-tide
An' the gowden licht o' auld lang syne
  On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

I hear the croon o' the wee hill-burn,
  That sings thro' the lang green glen,
Whaur the muircocks craw thro' the misty daw'
  And the red fox bigs his den,
Whaur the harebell chimes to the westlan' breeze,
  An' doon frae the broon hillside
The scent o' the heather fills the air,
  On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

The laverock lilts in the cloudless blue,
  An' the wee wild gowans bloom,
An' the linty chirms a lown love-plaint,
  In the bield o' the yellow broom.
The blackbird pipes, an' the cushat wails,
  An' faur thro' the plantin' wide
The springs o' life are fresh an' young,
  On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

In the howe o' the nicht, when the wan munelicht
  Lies sleepin' on cot an' ha',
When the finger o' silence has touched the hills,
  An' the stars glint doun owre a';
The heart grows grit wi' the thocht o' the rest
  Whaur God's ain deid abide,
In the auld kirkyard on the breist o' the brae,
  On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

IN YARROW.

I lay on the braes of Yarrow
  In the deepening gloaming tide,
And my heart was stirred to a sad, sweet tune,
  Like the chaunting of some old bride;

Like a song from the land of Faëry,
  In the mystic days of yore,
Of a ladylove to her own true knight,
  When his elfin spear he bore.

For so weird was the wold and lonely,
  And the emerald sward so green,
That a dreamer of eld might fancy there
  The morrice was danced yestreen.

And the hills and the streams around me,
  In the light of song were fair,
And a sad grey beauty that died away
  On "The Bush aboon Traquair."

So I thought of Wordsworth's ballads,
  'Neath the full red harvest moon,
Of the Ettrick Bard and Sir Walter Scott,
  And Thomas of Erceldoune.

Of the band of nameless singers,
  Like the sun in the west sunk down,
The magic spell of whose glamourie
  Still hallows each tower and town.

And my heart was moved in Yarrow,
  As the night wind moves the sea,
By the touch of a far-off, strange unrest,
  From the ages of gramerye.

A FLOWER.

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne,
  Frae the hills that I ca' my ain,
An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams maun twine,
  In the howes o' my waukrife brain.
Nae doubt 'twas a feckless thing to sen',
  But it thrilled my heart, forsooth!
Wi' a nameless joy that few can ken,
  That flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

I hae look't on grander gems o' licht,
  An' fresher frae Nature's hand,
But nane that were burden't wi' thocht mair bricht
  In the length or breadth o' the land;
For it brocht wi' its blinks o' dew-deck'd lea,
  An' its pearlins o' muirlan' truth,
A kiss frae the mou' that I fain wad pree—
  Sweet flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The smiling o' Fortune may e'en gang by,
  An' the lustre o' coronets wane,
But Love, like a star in the gloamin' sky,
  Beams aft in the gloom alane.
An' tho' 'neath the blasts o' misfortune chill
  The blossoms o' Hope may fa',
A Han' frae aboon has plantit still
  A flow'r in the warld for a'.

A POET KING.*

What meaneth this wild commotion?
  Why surgeth the crowd along?
'Tis the natal day of a poet king,
  The chief of Scottish song;
And lo! they come in thousands
  From mountain and strath and glen,
As free in soul as the air they breathe,
  To honour a Saul of men.

And grandly, hark! is ringing
  On the silv'ry streams of day,
"The rank is but of the coin the stamp,
  The man's the gold for aye."
No lyric dream is this,
  To thrill with its magic thrall,
No fancy caught from the wilds of thought,
  But a cry from the hearts of all.

The soul of manhood leaps
  In the toil-encircled throng,
They shake the earth with their bounding tread,
  For he hath made them strong;
For wreathed with the light of genius
  The labour-warrior stands,
And the bulwarks e'en of a throne might fall
  If smote by his horny hands.

* Written for the Inauguration of the Glasgow Burns' statue, which was unveiled by Lord Houghton, on the 25th of January, 1877.

And the blinded god of Mammon
  Hath paled at the minstrel's name,
And a shiver hath passed to his crusted soul
  'Neath the blaze of the heavenly flame;
The tyrant with gloom in his heart,
  And the brand of Cain on his brow,
Like a craven quakes in his white-lipped fear
  At the gleaming of Freedom now.

* * * * * *

The shroud of the past hath vanished,
  And the mighty-given-of-God
Looms forth entranced with the meanest flower
  That springs from the verdant sod.
Oh! wildly impassioned spirit!
  In the throes of thy great unrest,
Thou gavest the golden chalice of Thought,
  But we called for the ribald jest.

The stamp of the mind unfettered,
  The smile and the orbed fire,
No magic touch to the image brings,
  We garnish a broken lyre:
But scarr'd with the fight of ages,
  Triumphantly Scotia turns,
With a queenly glance of pride in her eyes,
  To gaze on her laureate Burns.

A BALLAD OF THE COVENANT.*

When the himmaist whaup had vanished
  Ghaist-like, frae the lanesome glen,
And the mirk o' nicht had fauldit
  In its wab the ways o' men;
Then to Auchensauch in silence
  Frae the muirlan' bields aroon,
Crap, fu' blythe, the huntit Remnant,
  Stern an' leal for Kirk an' Croon.

Licht o' fit an' braid an' buirdly,
  Cam' the sacred tryst to seek,
Age wi' lyart haffets tellin'
  O' a life sae bare an' bleak:—
Cam' to seal the chart o' freedom,
  Wi' their blude it micht hae been,
Owre the blooms o' wavin' heather,
  'Mang the breckan dells sae green.

Ne'er a soun' to breck the stillness,
  Nocht the cark o' wae to tell,
But belyve the weest burnie
  Sabbin' sairly to its sel'—
Sabbin' o' the scaith o' Scotlan',
  And her heavy dree o' wrang,—
Bendin' laich her pride o' manhood,
  Jaggin' like an ethert's stang.

* Auchensauch is a lonely hill in the South of Lanarkshire, where the Solemn League and Covenant was signed for the last time in Scotland.

Croonin' sweetly o' the martyrs,
  Hamert plaid an' bannet blue,
Ane by ane they wander'd heicher
  On the lanely mountain's broo;
Scene sae solemn an' sae stately,
  In the e'enin' dusk an' grey,
Spak' o' mair than a' the pageants
  O' the gowden-lichtit day.

Spak' o' mair than a' the battles
  That a conqueror may boast,
Warld's gear an' nochtless honour,
  Rank in mist o' ages lost;—
Spak' the wife an' bairnie grievin',
  Blichted hame an' puirtith's blast,
Whisper'd o' a "balm in Gilead,"
  And a diadem at last.

Saftly 'neath the banner floated
  Liltin's o' the e'enin' psalm,
Mournfu' wi' the sough o' sorrow,
  In the bonny lown sae calm;
Syne the weary cry o' anguish
  Crap athort the faulds o' nicht,
Owre the kneelin' pilgrims glintin'
  Pearlins o' the sweetest licht.

Leal their faith in Him they trusted,
  Bauldly frae the buchted glen,
In the stillness o' the gloamin',
  Gather'd still the muirlan' men;
Signed the Solemn League an' Covenant,
  Wi' their blude it micht hae been,
'Mang the blooms o' wavin' heather,
  And the breckan dells sae green.

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

(Luke xxii., 43 and 44.)

He came from a far-off land of light,
The Angel of Sorrow in garments white.

And with heavenly pity he stirred again,
The *water of life* in the hearts of men.

But the multitude cried as he held his way,
"The *shadow of Death* on his forehead lay."

"He shall not dwell in our valley here
When the blossoming vine doth crown the year."

So he pass'd away—tho' his face was sweet
With a glory caught at the Saviour's feet.

II.

In a lowly cot he is standing now,
And his hand is laid on a woman's brow.

But his touch hath balm that no words can bring,
As the tears of love in her eyes upspring.

O! men ye have scorned in his high behest,
The Angel of Sorrow who giveth rest!

For the woman arose with a vict'ry won,
And a whisper low, "Thy will be done!"

And peace lay shining within her breast,
Like a dove at eve that hath found its nest.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

Hid in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,
Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,
The Martyr's grave that we kent langsyne
Pleads wi' the heart in the wilds unseen:

An' the glen whaur, forfouchen an' hunted sair,
He socht for a den by the roebuck's lair.

Alane, on the hill-tap stern an' grey,
Alane, in the fa' o' heaven's ain dew,
He thocht o' the Lord and His promise guid,
For the faith o' the Covenant life was true;
An' a sweet dream cam' owre his wearied sicht,
Like a gleam straucht doon frae the starns o' licht.

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,
Far frae the love o' his kith an' kin,
He still was leal to the grand auld League,
For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin;
An' the croun was his that maun fade nae mair,
For it glintit aft on his broo o' care.

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,
Sae he didna flee frae the hour o' doom,
His fathers' God was his only trust;
An' his saul ta'en flicht to the realms sae blest,
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin' mist.

A REVERIE IN DICKENS.

(Death of Little Nell.)

I read by the dying sunlight
  That tale of life so brief,
On the calm, pale, deathly beauty
  I gazed with the old man's grief.

And the child-form lay before me,
  Like a gem from the mint of God,
Asleep; as a flower awaiteth
  The Spring 'neath the harden'd sod.

* * * * *

And methought that in silence there liveth
  A sorrow too sad for tears,
And a grave in each heart that groweth
  More green with the passing years.

A grave in our life's dark chamber,
  Where Love like Ophelia sings,
Where the worldly footsteps fall not,
  Nor the shadow of earthly things.

IN THE HOWE AYONT THE LINN.

When the e'enin' keps the gloamin'
  An' the cushie-doo is still—
When the birdies quat their roamin'
  An' the bee has left the hill—
I wad fain a tryst be keepin',
  Free o' yaumer an' o' din,
Wi' a bonnie lassie creepin'
  To the howe ayont the linn.

Youth is sweet when simmer's fa'in',
  Oot o' fleckit skies abune,
Mirth wi' daffin' pays the lawin'
  'Neath the gowden harvest mune.
List! the secret, laird an' lady,
  Mak's the hours like meenits rin—
Happit heids aneath the plaidie,
  In the howe ayont the linn.

Men wi' life an' strife are seekin'
  Gauds o' glory a' aroon;
Cark an' care are aften keekin'
  Frae the broo that hauds a croon;
But a joy that winna sadden,
  An' that courtiers canna win,
Are the blinks o' luve that gladden
  In the howe ayont the linn.

Sae when nicht the earth is cleedin',
  An' the wold is silent a',
When a Han' the stars is leadin'
  Like a flock the west awa':
I wad fain a tryst be keepin',
  Free o' yaumer an' o' din,
Wi' a bonnie lassie creepin'
  To the howe ayont the linn.

THE MINNESINGER.

I stood within the shadows of the Night,
  The weary lonesome night,
And Sorrow, with her charioteer of Death,
  Went by with eyes affright.

And ever upward from the darken'd depths
  Of Life's sad troubled sea,
The cry of stricken hearts came ceaseless from
  Pale lips of agony.

And joyous Hope with ruddy Mirth was there,
  In revel girt with light.
The glow of Youth, the wail of wild Despair,
  Beneath me in the Night.

And lo! in sadness bent a man of years
Upon a broken lyre,
Whose golden strings no breath divine had swept
Touch'd not with sacred fire.

An humble singer of that lowly band,
Whose harpings, sweet withal,
Strength have not as the bards' of finer mould,
Who thro' the ages call.

And gazing heavenward to the silent stars,
From earth and earthy things,
His soul went forth in earnest, pure desire,
On faith's most holy wings:

"Father, I pray that thou would'st deign for me,
Within thy vineyard grand,
One little flower, although of low degree,
To raise with trembling hand.

One little song-bud born from out the heart,
Which unto men might be,
Amidst the turmoil of the world's great mart,
A still, small voice from Thee."

THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW.

Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death.—*Tennyson.*

Death to a loved one came so very near
That waking thoughts within my vision crept,
Till all before the Shadow draped with Fear
In agony I wept.

And cried in human weakness to the gods,
For some strong arm of more than mortal mould
To dare like His who brought from high abodes
The sacred fire of old,

To thrust aside the flaming sword, and stand
A new Prometheus by the immortal tree,
When lo! to stay the impious wish, a hand
Thro' darkness fell on me.

And calmly sweet as sunlight from on high,
From out the East a voice of sadness came,
Breathing into my heart, whose wilder'd cry
The lips had moved to frame.

"Behold the Man!" and dimly bright there stood,
(With sorrow crowned, ah! diadem supreme!)
One pure of life of Calvary's sacred rood,
Who spake above the ages' fevered dream!

"Let not your souls be troubled!"—and around,
The shining feet of Him the shackles lay
Of vanquish'd Death—a captive made and bound
Whose power had passed away.

With whom doth ever walk, unstained of crime
And heavenly-wise, this stricken earth of ours,
An angel-band within the Night of Time,
Uplifting weary hours;

Bearing throughout the regions of the tomb,
The mystic symbol of the Holy Dove,
Wherefrom is shed—dispelling deepest gloom—
The nimbus of His love.

* * * * * *

And so for ever fled the fear of death,
Like mists that roll before the breaking day;
I knew the Spoiler with the Cypress Wreath
Could only take the clay.

THE LOST LANGSYNE.

The lost langsyne! O, the lost langsyne!
Wi' the daylicht sae sweet, an' the gloamin' sae fine,
The heart yirms aye, an' the thocht winna tyne,
For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

We trysted at e'en—an' acourtin' gaed we
When the 'oors sped sae swift 'neath the auld thorn tree,
Sae blythe an' sae blate—dae ye min; dae ye min:
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

Or, the hairst was afit, an' the liltin' was free,
An' the sangs that were sung were sae pawky and slee,—
For the luve-licht was glintin', and young hearts were kin',
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

The lost langsyne! O, the lost langsyne!
The hopes that were yours an' the loves that were mine,
Hae shed a' their bloom like a flow'r i' the dwine,
Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

A MIDSUMMER MADRIGAL.

At the postern gate of Day,
  Stands Apollo clad in light,
Trilling forth a summons gay,
  To the wrinkled warder Night:

"Ho! old laggard, what has kept,
  Dost not hear this challenge mine,
Well I wot, thy beard has dipt
  In the wassail's ruddy wine.

Song and story, jibe and jest,
  With thy boon companions all,
To the donjon of the West,
  Now betake thee, Seneschal!

Ward and watch, and vigil keen,
  Still thy beacon fires confest,
Blazing in the blue serene,
  Hie thee warrior to thy rest!"

And in armour silver-dight,
  As becomes a knight to win,
At the postern held by Night
  Crowned Apollo enters in.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

I carena for Italian skies,
  Tho' bricht nae doubt they be,
I lo'e the mountains o' the North,
  Wi' tempests fierce an' free:
I lo'e the bonnie burnies a',
  The grand majestic lakes,
O' Mither Nature's sternest isle,
  The guid auld land o' cakes.

Tho' fortune smile on ither climes,
  An' sunlicht purer fa',
They canna gild a tyrant's croon,
  Or dicht its stains awa',
Where slav'ry binds wi' gowden chains,
  There freedom never wakes:
But Liberty was born an' bred
  In Scotia's land o' cakes.

The heather twines the breckan roun',
  The thistle shields his bride,
And love frae mony a lassie's e'e
  Is glancin' oot wi' pride;
The blackbird liltin' sweet at morn,
  His love-mate ne'er forsakes:
Leal hearts hae cast a halo roun'
  The bonnie land o' cakes.

And still to ilka wanderer dear,
  Ayont the dark blue sea,
The scenes o' youth aft haunt his dreams,
  Tho' clouded frae his e'e;
And aye the siller cord leads back
  To where the wild wave breaks
On rocks that guard the queen o' isles,
  To Scotia's land o' cakes.

THE JEWELLER.

In a gray old German city, in the Rhineland by
  sea,
Dwelt, in ancient times, a singer, with his craft of hi
  degree.

And his songs were sad and plaintive, while he wrou
  of gems and gold
Many a quaint device to pleasure ladye-love and ba
  bold.

Many years the cunning craftsman laboured at
  wondrous art,
And each jewelled triumph finished drew a song fro
  out his heart.

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Till one eve, for ever stricken, fell his deft and dainty hand,
With a blood-red ruby, carven for the Prince of all the land.

'It is just," he bowed and whispered. "Yea, O God, Thy doom is just:
These be lurid lights that beckon souls of men to depths accurst."

And afar the angel-warder, keeping watch above his own,
Murmured deep within the silence where the stars of God are sown:

Spoken well, O worthy master!—hark! the little children sing;
Thine the song—a better guerdon far than carven gems may bring.

THE BAULD BROON HILLS O' SCOTLAN'.

The bauld broon hills o' Scotlan',
  Wi' martyr graves are rife;
The lang green glens are bonnie
  Wi' blude o' covenant life.
E'en gaed ye east, or gaed ye wast,
  By moss or muirlan' stoor,
The e'enin' psalm was waukent aince—
  The hillman's faith was pure.

The bauld broon hills o' Scotlan',
  When heather blooms are young,
Wi' lichtsome feet I fain wad speel,
  Whaur huntit men hae sung;
The hamert lilt o' haly hearts,
  Braid, buirdly hills, was thine:
By some auld cairn wi' moss grown grey,
  In gloamin' nichts langsyne.

The bauld broon hills o' Scotlan',
  Whaur Freedom foucht an' bled,
An' wadna thole the tyrant's heel,
  Hae made my bosom gled.
I lo'e a' loesome things o' earth,
  Ilk loch, an' dell, an' burn,
But aye to Scotlan's dark broon heichts,
  My weary feet wad turn.

ROBERT BURNS.

(Canada, Jan. 25, 1889.)

To-night, amid Canadian snows,
  In lordly hall and cottage home,
Where e'er the blood of Scotsmen flows,
  Where e'er the feet of Scotsmen roam:
One name upon the lips grows sweet,—
  More rich than wine from purple urns,—
With thrill electric, flashing fleet,
  The name of Robert Burns.

Young hearts thro' all the golden years
  Proclaim the magic of his wand,
And aged eyes are wet with tears
  With music from his loving hand:
He is not dead—he cannot die,—
  A king of men he still returns,
And rules as erst with spirit high
  The land of Robert Burns.

In clouds of glory dash'd with rain,
  With heavenly light-gleams bound and furled,
From his high Caucasus of Pain
  He casts a song-wreath round the world:
And weakest souls beneath his spell
  Have gather'd strength as he who spurns
The might of tyrants: it is well!
  God bless you! Robert Burns.

A LASSIE'S LILT.

O! sweet is the bloom o' the heather,
An' blythe is the hum o' the bee,
When the bricht sun o' simmer is glintin'
Far owre the broon hills to the sea;
But sweeter than heather an' sunshine,
Or ocht tak's the ear an' the e'e,
Is the 'oor when young Jamie comes courtin'
Amang the broom bushes to me;
It's no for his hame an' his haudin',
It's no for his hain'd penny fee,
Nor yesteen that he spak' o' a waddin':
It's the leal licht o' love in his e'e.

Then, hey! for the grey summer gloamin',
The tryst, an' the bloom o' the whin,
Near by whaur the burnie, in roamin',
Draps doon in its glee owre the linn,
The sun is awa' owre the mountain,
The goud croon o' licht on his bree,
An' the nicht-win' sae cool frae the fountain,
I'll e'en tak' an' airin' an' pree.
It's no for the nicht-win' an' airin',
O! what gars a young lassie lee?
An' Bess through the back window starin'
Guid kens what the gawky can see.

ILT.

heather,
he bee,
ner is glintin'
the sea:
' sunshine,
he e'e,
e comes courtin'
to me:
his haudin',
pen, ; fee,
ak' o' a waddin':
ve in his e'e.

mer gloamin',
the whin,
roamin',
e the linn,
untain,
his bree,
ae the fountain,
ree.
' an' airin',
lassie lee?
k window starin'
wky can see.

Sae saft is the breath o' the mornin,'
The lilt o' the laverock is sweet,
Wi' the wee gowans bonnily blinkin',
In crimson an' gowd 'mang the weet.
The reapers gang blythe to the hairst-rig,
The lintie leaps oot on the lea,
An' my heart sings an' soars wi' the laverock,
For joy that the gloamin' gi'es me.
It's no for the glamour that bides in't,
Grey-purple owre turret an' tree:
But the lad that comes down the hillsides in't,
Wi' the leal licht o' luve in his e'e.

A NEW YEAR LILT.

The blink frae the ingle is bonny,
Auld frien's in their places are set;
O' sadness there ne'er suld be ony,
When frien'ship wi' frien'ship is met;
When hearts in the faces are shinin',
And thocht has its back to the wa'—
Oh! wha wad e'er think o' repinin'?—
A happy New Year to ye a'.
A happy New Year to ye a', my frien's,
A happy New Year to ye a':
O' pleasure an' care we've e'en had a share
In the year that has hirpilt awa'.

A bannock, a kebbuck, a jorum
  O' guid hamely browst for us a';
Oh! wha wi' prim ladye Decorum
  Wad sit in the shade like a craw?
Auld Scotlan' wi' rowth o' guid plaiden
  Has happit her heid frae the snaw;
Sae till nicht intil daylicht is fadin',
  A fig for the wild win's that blaw!
    A fig for the wild win's that blaw, my frie
      The rain, or the rowk, or the snaw!
    Here's a health to ilk ane—an' wi't wea
      my frien's,
      An' a happy New Year to ye a'.

An' wha wad be sib into sorrow?
  The jade has aneuch an' to spare;
Frae the 'oors that are fleetin' we'll borrow
  A croun on Dame Frolic to ware.
Sae blythe we'll be a'; and suld even
  A towmond o' trouble befa'—
Oh, ne'er withoot hope were the leevin'—
  A happy New Year to ye a'.
    A happy New Year to ye a', my frien's,
      A happy New Year to ye a';
    O' pleasure an' care we've a' had a share,
      In the year that has hirpilt awa'.

THE TWO ANGELS.

I stood and saw the Angel of the Dawn,
Whose rest had been in heaven the dark night through,
Pressing, with jewelled feet, the silent lawn
In radiant robes of dew.

And slowly to the west, in ebon gloom,
Upbearing in his lifted hands on high
The scroll of destiny—of life and doom,
The night-watch passed by.

But ere he turned his step from earth away
I gazed upon his countenance again,
And, lo! I thought upon his brow there lay
A shadow as of pain.

But he, the brother-angel of the day,
Bore on his breast the beaming star of hope,
And in his golden chalice balm, alway,
On bruised hearts to drop.

And so to men there cometh evermore,
One angel fraught with promise, making glad;
And one who taketh from the stricken sore,
Much anguish, wild and sad.

OOR BAULDY, THE LOON.

(A Mither's Complaint.)

He's aye in a mischief frae mornin' till nicht,
Wi' his breeks a' in tatters, his heid in a fricht;
There ne'er was his marrow in kintra nor toon,
That ne'er-dae-weel callant—oor Bauldy, the loo

He speels on the yett, or he climbs on the dyke,
Whyles cuttin' his han's, an' belyve in a fyke:
Syne thumpin' a pan for a drum he gangs roun',
Till I'm perfectly deav'd wi't—oor Bauldy, the lo

Yestreen in the gloamin', an' nae faurer gane,
He feucht wi' anither doon by in the lane,
Till a neebor gaed stappin', brocht oot by the soo
When fleein' like stour was—oor Bauldy, the loo

He struts an' he strides, an' he mak's sic a din
When phraisin' for ocht that I'm gled to gae in,
As wi' kindly bit grup then he tugs at my goon—
The wee sleekit rascal—oor Bauldy, the loon.

But sometimes I gather—in dreams it maun be,—
A glimpse o' the future owre life's rowin' sea;
When nae mair a laddie, but bearded and broon,
He'll comfort his mither—oor Bauldy, the loon.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT WANLOCK (REID).

(Author of "Moorland Rhymes.")

Hail! brither bard attour the sea.
A hamely auld Scots' sang frae thee,
Blythe wi' thy ain wee linty's glee,
I'd suner hae
Than half the rhymin' ware ye see
In prent this day.

Aft hae I croon'd that winsome lay,—
The lichtsome bird—the benty brae,
The gowd-broom, touch'd and ting'd wi' blae,
Abune the lift,
Cauld wi' the licht o' closing day,
O' sun bereft.

An' yon weird blink o' sang divine,
The weary dree o' "auld langsyne,"
Soughs owre the waefu' wanderer's min',
Boo'd down wi' cares,—
I ferly gin sic fate be thine,
Bard o' the muirs.

When eerie whaups, adoon the win',
Their lanely cry sen' driftin in,
Frae moss an' fell—owre hag an' linn,
I think o' thee;
Ne'er sichtin' hill or barren whin
On muirlan' lea.

An' e'en when heather blooms are young
I miss the music o' thy tongue;
Sae sweetly aye thy lyre was strung,
Sae pawky—slee,
The hamert heart was donner't dung,
An' dim't the e'e.

But, aiblins yet, for wha can tell?
When simmer blauds the burstin' bell,
We'll welcome back thy singin' sel'
To Wanlock gray;
An' sweetest flowers suld deck the dell
That bonny day.

Scotland, Aug., 1879.

MOORBURN.

"Far the withering heaths with moorburn blaze!"
—*Leyden.*

Oh, heath upon the hills aflame,
Thy odour steals my spirit o'er,
And stirs within the fancy deep
The shadowy dreams of yore.

Sweet incense of departed bloom,
Afloat upon the moorland lea—
The memory of a summer gone
Thou bearest unto me.

blooms are young
y tongue:
re was strung,
—slee,
donner't dung.
he e'e.

a can tell?
ne burstin' bell,
singin' sel'
gray;
d deck the dell
day.

RN.

moorburn blaze!"
—*Leyden.*

aflame,
pirit o'er,
y deep
yore.

bloom,
nd lea—
gone

Again I see the hills: I know
  The pleasant rush of waters near:
And far within the blue of heaven
  The skylark singeth clear.

And plover lone and wild curlew,
  Weird choristers, to Nature call,
And sentinels of Silence seem
  If human footstep fall.

But deeper than such music all,
  And chiding earthly doubts and fears,
The peace of God descends, and, lo!
  The harpings of the spheres!

As Night, with trailing garments, comes,
  And enters at the western gate:
And round her throne the planets wheel,
  Her chariots of state.

* * * * * *

Oh, Summer, tho' from tower and tree
  Thy touch has faded in the past,
The radiance of thy sunbeams still
  Within my life is cast.

Upon the hills the flames upleap—
  Upleap and fall within the night:
So in my heart thy vanished bloom
  Enkindles into light.

A LINTIE'S LAMENT.

(For a beautiful old thorn, near Abington House, Scotland, cut d
the woodman's axe.)

Fu' sad in the gloamin' a lintie was singin',
An' auld mither Nature was sleepin' awee,
"I'm dowie tho' bonnie ilk sweet flower is springi
Awa frae my hame in the auld thorn tree."

"Lang, lang hae I nestled frae rude win's when bla
Or coorted at e'en in its branches sae hie:
Nae mair noo I wauken frae bricht dreams at da
Nae mair lilt sae blythe in the auld thorn tre

When milk-white its blossoms sae dewy were hi
An' glancin' as brichtly as love frae the e'e,
I thochtna that cauld fate sae ruthless was brin
An end to my joys an' the auld thorn tree.

The notes o' the mavis and blackbird are ringin'
They kenna—they feelna the sair thole I dree
In fancy ilk sun-blink o' life still is clingin'
Roun' the low-lyin' trunk o' the auld thorn tr

AMENT.

House, Scotland, cut d
axe.)

e was singin',
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t flower is springi
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ude win's when bla
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ckbird are ringin'
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THE WEE SPRIG O' HEATHER.

ı, wae on the gowd wi' its glamour beguilin'
The bravest frae Scotia across the saut sea,
n' wae on Dame Fortune, sae fause wi' her smilin',
For cauld is the pleasure at best she can gie.
ut aye to the heart that is leal mair endearin',
A message o' love frae the land far awa,
Then aften it comes like a sun-blink sae cheerin',
A wee sprig o' heather sae withered an' sma'.

ne emigrant dreams o' his hame in the gloamin',
An' wanders in fancy some wild glen sae green;
is thochts are the purest, wi' mem'ry, when roamin'
The land where the bluebell an' thistle are seen.
n' aften the gloom that enshrouds him brings beamin',
Affection's sweet token dispellin' it a',
s brichtly in darkness the starnie is gleamin',
A sprig o' his ain native heather sae sma'.

he burnie that's glidin' sae sweetly an' singin'
Awa' frae its hame in the mountain sae hie,
e'er kens in its mirth that the future is bringin'
The tempest an' roar o' the dark-tossin' sea;
n' sae wi' the lad owre the ocean careerin',
Like strains frae the harp are the win's when they blaw:
ill wearit—the bricht sun o' hope disappearin',
He langs for a tuft o' the heather sae sma'.

IN ECCLEFECHAN CHURCHYARD.

(A Commonplace Reverie.)

These lines are an attempt to embody, to a certain extent, a man's early conception of Carlyle; and to reproduce, however quately, a little of that atmosphere of old-Hebrew-prophet *remotene* reverence, almost amounting to awe, in which this modern Light-B seemed to dwell, while living, to thousands of his countrymen atmosphere which the publication of the Life and Letters, etc., has something, perhaps, to dispel. The desire to be laid with his kins the peasant home and ways of his youth, has always appeared writer as a deeply pathetic incident in the closing career of Carlyle.

To-day, I bowed my head upon the grave
Of him who smote with pen of vatic fire
The shams and insincerities of life. Whose clarion
Broke with a strangeness on our modern ears,
Like His of old within the wilderness. I stoop'd,
Yea, almost worshipped, breathless at the feet
Of this Grand Warrior laid unto his rest,
Amidst the silence of the Scottish hills.

Then from me fled the present, and I saw
The peasant boy upon the village street,
Unconscious yet of all the growing power—
The slumbering Thor within his youthful brain.
And shadowy glimpses of that further time,
That clasps forever this green Borderland,
A soothing calm upon my spirit threw,
Like the grey beauty of a summer eve.
But passing onward—once again I knew
The stripling lad amid the college fanes,

And in his eager eyes a deathless light—
The shafted fire that slept 'neath shaggy brows;
When, flushing into manhood's glorious prime,
Despite the jeers of those who take the shame,
And urge along the centuries the cry—
"Can any good come out of Nazareth?"
He smote the face of Wrong, and thence became
A giant labourer in the world's behoof.

Dwelling apart, he spake unto his kind
As one commissioned from the living God;
Stayed by no minor music, having heard
The deep Sphere-Harmonies that rule the stars,
And Earth's "still voices" of Infinitude.
And thus he seemed, more closely as the years
Deepen'd their shadows o'er his strong, pure life,
To hold aloof, and reck but little of
The hourly needs—the daily hopes and fears
That stir the troubled hearts of common men.

Until the end!
"Until the end!" I said;
For, kneeling here unto his grave, I saw
The few, fond mourners—leaving all behind
Of "storied urn or animated bust"—
Bringing the old man home; and thus in death
Making his greatness greater evermore.

CANTY A WEE.

Aroon' the ingle, bleezin'
  Wi' the licht o' ither days,
When life was young an' sunny,
  An' we wandered 'mang the braes,
An' roved the wuds sae bonnie
  Wi' a joy wealth canna gie:
Oor frien'ship's growin' aulder—
  We'll be canty a wee.

Hoo aften hae we listened
  To the cuckoo's simple sang,
Or lookit for her mossy nest
  The bracken dells amang;
Hoo aften 'mang the heather speel'd
  On yonder hill sae hie—
'Od, man, the gowden memories
  Mak' us canty a wee.

We've pu'd the slaes thegither,
  An' we've guddled in the burn,
Wi' the sweet wild hazel blossoms
  Keekin' oot at ilka turn;
An' toddled hame at e'enin'
  As lichtsome as could be—
Wha wadna be a callan'
  An' be canty a wee?

Dae ye min' the gowd o' hairst-time,
  An' oor sport amang the stooks,
The climbin' o' the auld birk trees
  Amang the cawing rooks?
When the grey wa's o' the castle
  Echoed back oor youthfu' glee:
Aye, aften then oor hearts were mair
  Than canty a wee.

The lang nichts brocht the daffin
  An' the splores o' hallowe'en,
When ilka lassie o' her lad
  The sma'est glint had seen,
When crouchin' doon amang the stacks,
  Wi' lauchin' like to dee,
We whispered words o' Fate that made
  Her canty a wee.

But years on years hae fled sin' syne,
  An' mony frien's we ken
That cleekit wi' us up the brae
  Hae slippit thro' the glen;
The brichtest blink o' siller licht
  That flickers frae the e'e
At last maun hae an endin—
  We'll be canty a wee.

The snaws o' age, that fa' sae fast,
  Oor pows are wreathin' roon',
An' saft as simmer's drappin' dew
  The gloamin's wearin' doon—
The gloamin' o' oor weirdless life
  We'll lichtly at the dree,
An' pass the eerie 'oors o' e'en
  Fu' canty a wee.

YON LANE GLEN AT E'EN.

The gowden blinks o' simmer are fadin' noo awa',
An' the bonnie autumn gloamin', when the siller
  draps fa';
But the licht o' love is burnin' like the winter sta
  sheen,
Sae tryst to meet me, lassie, in yon lane glen at e'e
  Whaur the wee flowers lo'e ilk ither
    On Nature's mantle green,
  An' the laverocks dream thegither
    In yon lane glen at e'en.

fa' sae fast,
in' roon',
appin' dew
' doon—
rdless life
lree,
o' e'en

AT E'EN.

fadin' noo awa',
when the siller
e the winter sta
lane glen at e'e
'e ilk ither
een,
thegither
n.

The lintie sings at dawn wi' the thrush and blackbird tae,
But the nightingale chirps dowie in the noisome din o' day;
An' the lover woos his lassie when nae fit may come between,
For the thochtless dinna wander in yon lane glen at e'en.

Whaur the heather-bells are clingin',
An' the muirfowl's nest has been—
By the fountain sweetly springin',
In yon lane glen at e'en.

Altho' nae star be glintin' thro' the azure sky abune,
Tho' waning be the crescent o' the calm, sweet harvest mune,
Yet dinna fear ye, lassie—love winna wrang, I ween,
The leal alane may linger in yon lane glen at e'en.

Whaur the cushie-doo is singin'
To his listening mate unseen;
When the mournfu' notes are ringin'
In yon lane glen at e'en.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Thy will be done, O Lord!" as thus again
With stricken hearts we say,
Out of the house of bondage, dark with pain,
Thy voice has called to-day.

"Thy will be done!" Beneath our roof-tree k
'The Shadow fear'd of man:'
But she for whom we fear'd now calmly sleep
And on her features wan

A smile seraphic lies—a greeting given,
As if, far-off on high,
The soul had caught one earthly glimpse of he
And Christ himself stood by.

DOWIE HOWMS O' BOTHWELL.

(A Covenanter's Lament after the Battle.)

Dowie howms o' Bothwell,
Sae lichtsome ance an' fair,
When simmer cam' to deck the wuds
The sweetest glint was there;
But bluidy hauns ha'e spread aroon'
A clud o' sorrow noo:
The covenant! the covenant!
Is a' broken thro'.

Dowie howms o' Bothwell,
  The croonin' burnie's sang
Gangs wi' a sad an' eerie soun'
  My waefu' thochts amang:
For bonnie Scotland's ruined kirk
  An' muirlan' faith sae true;
The hillmen! the hillmen!
  Are hameless a' enoo!

The liltin' birds that cheer'd me
  Sae aft at e'enin's close,
Noo lanesome sit wi' drumlie e'e,
  An' droopin' hings the rose,
For mony a leal and bauld ane,
  Fled frae the glens away:
The martyrs! the martyrs!
  Aneath the cairn sae grey.

Dowie howms o' Bothwell,
  Thy heichs an' howes sae green
Ha'e withered like the buirdly men
  That strewed the yird yestreen.
Oor league, the curse maun e'en be on't,
  Gin this be a' it gie—
A wierd o' blude to Scotland,
  A life o' wae to me.

ATWEEN AN' ANNAN WATER.

"The simmer sun is in the west, and dounward fr
hill
The shepherd whistles blithe at heart, an' hame
hauds awa:
An' fain a lad wi' me wad tryst when a' is hushed and
Atween an' Annan Water when the nicht begins t

"The banks o' Tweed are bonnie aye: the links o' C
are fair,
An' Nith amang its wuds sae green gangs singin' u
braw:
But sweetness frae the flow'r o' love is fillin' a' th
Atween an' Annan Water when the nicht begins to

An' sae I thocht, an' sae I sang, a towmond, less or
Till Winter wi' his weary win's athort the land
blaw,
An' my true love was twined frae me by ane as faus
fair,
Atween' an' Annan Water when the nicht begins t

The heather-bell may cleed the hill, the clover lead
bee,
An' roun' the dewy rose at e'en the westlan' zep
blaw;
But wae's me! for the winsome face I ne'er again sall
Atween' an' Annan Water when the nicht begins to

AN WATER.

, and downward fra

at heart, an' hame

en a' is hushed and
the nicht begins t

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I ne'er again sall
e nicht begins to

WHAUR THE GOWDSPINK SINGS.

en simmer's sinkin' sun gaes doon attour yon leafy
crest,
heather-bell an' gowan fauld the dew-drap to their
breast:
en gipsy nicht the bricht'nin' star upon her bosom
hings.
meet my bonnie lassie whaur the gowdspink sings.

e mavis loe's the dusky wud, the merle loe's the brake,
e lift sae blue the lavrocks woo, and laithly do forsake;
t leeze me on the bushy broom, wi' tassel'd gowd that
flings
screen to bield my lassie whaur the gowdspink sings.

l tak' a crook into my haun', an' tentily I'll gang,
i' lichtsome fit, an' heart alowe, the burnie's banks
alang;
a' there the budding rose I'll pu', that to the woodbine
clings,
a' a' to grace my lassie whaur the gowdspink sings.

l tak' my lassie in my airms an' pree her hinny mou',
a' in her raven locks I'll place the rosebud wet wi' dew;
a' O, gin Time wad bide a blink, an' fauld his dusky
wings,
e'd linger lang and fondly whaur the gowdspink sings.

Oor laird has gear an' guineas routh, wi' Norm
forbye,
An', in his pride o' rank an' birth, he jeuks '
high:
I carena by a bodle broon the worth that siller
Gie me an 'oor at e'enin' whaur the gowdspink s

BONNIE CLYDESDALE.

Wild traditions of the covenant, bonnie Clydesda
are thine,
Wreathing round thy misty valleys radian
divine:
Ruined towers that shed a lustre o'er a nation's gl
past,
Grandly where thy heroes gathered to the call o
dom's blast.

Here a Douglas, proud and haughty, dared the sh
kingly might,
Darkly visaged, gemm'd with scar-lines won in
est fields of fight,
Smote from off the limbs of serfdom shackles th
soul enthralled,
Crushed the prowess of a tyrant—manhood's
rights installed.

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irth, he jeuks '

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DESDALE.

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ar-lines won in

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nt—manhood's n

ere a martyr dyed the heather with his life-blood
freely given,
en the lurid gleam of murder flushed the silent brow
of heaven:
ng the vaults of the Eternal and the deep-voiced
aisles of time
ith the victory of the Sinless over dark impassioned
crime:

ished the fiery bolt of justice at the mitred-mocker's
crown:
ised the banner Persecution, iron-hoof'd, had trodden
down:
the years that toss in anguish wrecks of empire
sadly grand,
ng the deathless fame and glory of the grey old
Covenant land.

eless doubt and sunless doubter, 'neath a self-inflicted
load:
aifs of thought, but ever drifting to Infinitude and
God!
nce a simple Bible worship in the still and misty glen
ve "the priceless gift" immortal to the hearts of
hunted men.

* * * * * *

Yonder scenes of lowland beauty cradled and
in youth,
One who dowered the barren desert with the
beams of truth,
Shook with awe the grim oppressor as from out
of wine,—
Livingstone, the hero-hearted, bonnie Clydesdale
thine.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

Bonnie blooms the broom in the wild wudit gle
Sweet lilts the laverock by muirside an' fen;
But the dreich dree o' wae in the heart dims the
An' I lang for my hame in my ain countrie.

Simmer's in the lift, an' the flow'r decks the bra
Saft fa's the nicht wi' its gloamin' o' grey;
But the heart canna bide, sae the feet fain wad
Wi' the wild heather bell in my ain countrie.

O! eerie is the sough o' sorrow owre the min';
The last grip o' frien'ship the saul wadna tine:
An' the heart-strings o' luve, like the leaf to the
Still cling to my hame in my ain countrie.

* * * * * *

e cauld han' o' deith on my broo sune maun lie,
e bricht sun maun set in a dour, cludit sky;
'the broon hills o' hame, owre the dark troubled sea,
e speel nevermair in my ain countrie.

THE LAST O' THE HILLMEN.

The last o' the hillmen, doited an' auld,
An' as wearit as wearit could be,
In a far-awa' land, wi' a wistfu' look,
Socht a blink o' his ain countrie;
An' his wearifu' heart wad fain hae been
Whaur the gowden sun glints doon,
On the bonnie lown glens o' Clydesdale fair
An' the Covenant hills sae broon.

For mem'ries sweet cam' owre his min'
O' the times sae pure an' true,
When his hame was awa' frae the haunts o' men,
The airt that the wild birds flew:
Mair quate wi' the soun's that floated abune
Abune to the calm, blue sky,
The e'enin' psalm on the midnicht air,
An' the lanely whaup's lane cry.

An' langsyne thochts encircled him roun',
  Like a dream o' mist and blude,
When he prayed on Tinto, sae stern and gr
  That his country micht still do gude,
An' crap wi' the martyrs sae buirdly an' ha
  Aye, mony a leal heart there,
To Scotland's kirk that he lo'ed fu' weel,
  Forgathered on some green gair.

* * * * *

Tho' they hunted him oot like a hirplin' ha
  An' he fled frae his hame awa'
Across the sea to anither clime,
  Whaur freedom was free to a'—
The licht o' his life had aften been,
  When the gloamin' was gatherin' roon',
That his body micht rest whaur the burnies
  'Mang the Covenant hills sae broon.

IN A SCRAP ALBUM.

One heroine there is in Scottish song,
  To whom in thought I often liken thee;
As gleams the daisy thro' rathe grasses long,
  Thy sweet face shines—*my Bonnie Bessie L*

ircled him roun',
nd blude,
), sae stern and gr
still do gude,
sae buirdly an' ban
there,
e lo'ed fu' weel,
reen gair.

* *

like a hirplin' ha
ne awa'
clime,
e to a'—
ten been,
gatherin' roon',
vhaur the burnies
s sae broon.

ALBUM.

sh song,
n liken thee;
e grasses long,
Bonnie Bessie L

AULD HAMELY MITHER SCOTLAN'.

Auld hamely Mither Scotlan',
Sic mem'ries winna tine:
My heart grows grit wi' thochts o' thee,
An' dreamings o' lang syne.
I hear thy wee hill-burnie's sang,
See thy fair gloamin' fa's,
An' I, auld mither, seem aince mair
A laddie pu'in' haws.

Auld blythesome Mither Scotlan',
The primrose cleeds thy braes,
The throssil 'mang thy wild green wuds
E'en lilts its sweetest lays;
Eild wi' her siller wand, belyve,
Has touched thy pow an' mine:
But, brave auld Covenant Scotlan', yet
My life-blude loups wi' thine.

Dear, dear auld Mither Scotlan',
I lo'e nae hills but thine:
The bonny hills o' hame I speeled
In days o' auld lang syne;
An' lang's the linty bigs its nest,
The laverock sings on hie,—
My heart, auld Mither Scotlan', aye
Sall fill wi' thochts o' thee.

THE SMILE O' THE LASS WE LO'

There's love in the breist o' the laverock,
  In the simmer lift sae blue,
An' the gowan's e'e on the wild green lea,
  Wi' its glints o' siller dew;
To the buirdly thistle the heath-bell nods
  Frae the rim o' the mountain's broo,
An' it gangs to the heart like a gladsome st
  In the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

There's love in the gentle sigh o' the wind,
  And it kisses the wee flowr's a',
As it creeps alang like a bonnie sang,
  When the moonbeams lichtly fa';
But it comes wi' a thrill o' purest joy,
  In the sweets o' a honied mou'—
Like a gowden spell in a Faëry dell
  Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

There's love in the ray o' the sun sae bricht,
  But it wiles frae the rose awa'
The pearl o' weet in its bosom sweet,
  An' the bonnie bit bud maun fa'.
Yet aye for the han' o' a maiden pure
  Leal wooers come to woo,
For it shields frae wrang in the warld's thra
  The smile o' the lass we lo'e.

LASS WE LO'E

o' the laverock,
blue,
e wild green lea,
dew;
e heath-bell nods
ountain's broo,
like a gladsome s
s we lo'e.

sigh o' the wind,
flowr's a',
bonnie sang,
lichtly fa';
o' purest joy,
ed mou'—
Faëry dell
we lo'e.

the sun sae bricht,
se awa'
som sweet,
maun fa'.
naiden pure
o,
n the warld's thra
lo'e.

A PRINCESS OF THE LAND OF HILLS.

A barefoot maiden in her teens,
And fresh and sweet as summer air;
Her face from heaven the sunlight weans
To wanton in her flaxen hair.
Untroubled by the touch of Care,
She wanders by the singing rills,
And agile step and mien declare
A Princess of the land of hills! *

The flowers, unbruised beneath her tread,
Unbind their tresses to the breeze,
And round in dewy fragrance shed
Their homage on the daisied leas.
With tartan snood upon her head—
Her native grace each motion fills—
In all but Nature's laws unread,
This Princess of the land of hills.

From out the brawling mountain stream
She lures, within his glassy lair,
The speckled trout with golden gleam,
As spoil to deck her humble fare;
While trooping slow, as in a dream,
Unfettered by the fear of ills,
The red deer pause, and friendly deem
A Princess of the land of hills.

* A line taken from some beautiful verses addressed by Dr. John Leyden to Mrs. Miller, the friend of Carlyle, and preserved in Froude's life of the latter.

THE COVENANT PSALMS.

The Covenant Psalms o' Scotland, sae thrilling a
true,
That touch't oor faithers' weary hearts like bl
e'enin' dew,
An' drew the tears attour the cheeks o' sturdy m
men,
Sae bonnie, noo are seldom heard in lanesome cle
glen.

The watcher on the cairn's grey tap—the sentry
Lord,
Wha's left haun' siccar held the Beuk, his richt the
braidsword,
Nae mair croons saftly to himsel' aneath the b
blue ;
The sweet auld sangs the hillmen sang are sair forg
noo.

Langsyne the gloamin's eerie fa' laich doon on mo
fell,
Brocht wi't saft soun's o' melody that floated owr
dell,
An' cheer'd the waefu' wanderer aft like glints o'
that fa',
But noo, the martyrs' haly lilts are maistly wede a

dyve some form, that links the past, cled wi' the snaws o' age,
n' heart lit wi' the fire o' youth, bends owre the Doric page,
at ane by ane frae mem'ry's grip, the grand auld psalms sae true,
o Scotia aince as dear as life, are fadin' sairly noo.

THE PROMISE.

(Sonnet addressed to the late Mrs. William Drysdale, Montreal.)

The grand old world spins onward, and the light
Broadens and deepens in the Orient sky;
The western shadows lengthen, and the Night
Braids her dark locks with jewelled hand to fly.
A blossom-dream is flowering in the breast
Of mother Earth upon her couch of snow,
The coming glory broods above her rest,
The haunting sweetness will not let her go.
The promise holds: the promise yet shall hold,
Dear lady, garner'd in such hearts as thine,
That bear throughout the bitter blight and cold
The olden beauty of the Light Divine:
Blessings be on them! and on thee and thine,—
A starry host that thro' the ages shine.

AULD TIMES GANE.

The merle woos the simmer back
  In yonder birken shaw,
An' saftly owre the gloamin' glen
  His hamert liltins fa':
The floo'rs, like rays o' fancy, spring
  Athort the buskit plain—
They bringna to the weary heart
  The auld times gane.

The heather o' the heathy knowes,
  The bracken aye sae green,
Afore a clud o' care comes doon,
  Are brichtest to the een:
The youthfu' joy that winna bide,
  The mirkest life wad hain,
An' gleids o' licht that gather roun'
  The auld times gane.

The laverock winna sing sae sweet
  When things are turnin' grey;
When fled the starnie o' the lea,
  The primrose on the brae;
An' cauldrife wi' the glint o' gowd,
  The wanderer owre the main
Kens in his heart the sough o' wae
  For auld times gane.

SCOTLAND'S PARRITCH-PAT.

Old mither Scotland's ingle-nook is aye a canty biel',
Couthie wi' its cheery lowe, it haps her bairns fiel';
Lilt'in' at her spinning-wheel, at orra times, I wat,
Her eident e'es, and steers aboot her hamely parritch-pat.
Her hamely parritch-pat, my lads,
We'll lilt a stave o' that;
Her sons sae stieve, wi' pith o' nieve,
May bless her parritch-pat.

Her neibour John ayont the Tweed may brag o' beeves galore,
Braidly bold from Erin's Isle in praise o' praties soar,
But Scotland douce still hauds the hoose she frae her mannie gat,
Steers aboot wi' tentie e'e her hamely parritch-pat.
Her hamely parritch-pat, my lads,
She ne'er had skaith o' that:
An' pith o' brain an' heart are fain
To bless her parritch-pat.

O Wallace wight an' Bruce the bauld, wi' mony chiels forbye,
Ha' foremaist foucht in Freedom's cause, an' heezed the thistle high,

To ply the spune when a' was dune fu' blythe the
sat,
Syne roosed the skill, the meal, the mill, an' Se
parritch-pat.
Her hamely parritch-pat, my lads,
We'll lilt a stave o' that;
Her sons sae stieve, wi' pith o' neive,
May bless her parritch-pat.

An' hearty yet, at morn an' e'en, she siccar hauds
An' daurs a feckless foreign loon to gie her mutch
While canty croose she snods the hoose she f
minnie gat,
An' steers aboot wi' eident e'e her hamely parrit
Her hamely parritch-pat, my lads,
She ne'er had skaith o' that;
An' pith o' brain an' heart are fain
To bless her parritch-pat.

BONNIE SCOTLAND'S HEATHERBELLS.

(A City Song.)

When the crawflow'r decks the fountain, "crimson-tipped" on the lea,
By the sunbeam kiss'd the gowan wakes and opes its golden e'e;
An' my heart in sunny fancy seeks again the bosky dells,
Far awa' whaur bloom sae grandly bonnie Scotland's heatherbells.

O! the langsyne mem'ries trooping,
Like the fairies frae the fells;
Round my weary head that's drooping
Wreath again the heatherbells.

Lang o' fit I pu' the heather on the hills aboon the Clyde—
Wash the sunshine, an' in shadow to the West the waters glide;
An' the fount of youth unsealing, through the tide of being swells,
As I catch in feeling fancy bonnie Scotland's heatherbells.

In the gloaming blithely singing,
Boyhood, wrought of magic spells,
With a careless hand is flinging
Wreaths of Scotland's heatherbells.

In the lift I hear the lav'rock, wi' the sunlicht
briest;
List the mavis an' the merle when the din o'
ceased—
A' the dusky wuds are ringing—through the gla
music wells,
While I twist an' twine in fancy bonnie Sc
heatherbells.

Simmer win's are oot, and playing,
Deein' day, the nicht foretells;
An' my heart, in fancy straying,
Loves an' leaves the heatherbells.

wi' the sunlicht

ıen the din o'

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ıcy bonnie Sc

ıd playing,
foretells;
straying,
eatherbells.

THE 'OOR AFORE THE DAW'.

O' honest toil—the waukit luif,
  Haud ye the siccar grup!—
The heicher heid—the heicher aye,
  Life's steep ye'll warstle up:
What tho' at times the starnie dip,
  An' cluds o' sorrow fa',—
The mirkest 'oor o' a' the nicht
  Is aye afore the daw'.

Aneath the brae the linty bigs
  Its hamely wee bit hame,
The swallow wi' the simmer flees,
  Attour the siller faem;
There ne'er was sic a freeze atweel,
  But kent a genial thaw,—
The mirkest 'oor o' a' the nicht's
  The 'oor afore the daw'.

The cranreuch cauld o' carle Care,
  We aiblins a' maun dree;
Tak' ye nae fear but tent the gifts
  A Han' abune wad gie!
The king an' ladye Fortune baith
  May on the cadger ca';—
The mirkest 'oor o' a' the nicht
  Is [illegible] afore the daw'.

WHEN THE NICHT BEGINS TO FA.

(Extempore.)

O! there's purple 'mang the heather,
An' there's gowd athin the sky,
An' the reapers blithe are singing,
For the bloom is on the rye;
An' I haud the 'oor as holy
When the sunlicht dees awa'—
In the bonnie autumn gloamin',
When the nicht begins to fa'.

O! I lo'e the crystal burnie,
An' the ripple o' its sang,
An' the mavis an' the merle
Dreaming sweet the wuds amang;
But through a' the dusky shadows
Heavenly visions dounward draw,
An' a silence that is music,
When the nicht begins to fa'.

An' when Life's lang day has ended,
An' the reapers o' the years
Gather in the weary harvest—
Vain endeavours, stained with tears;
May I hear again the music
See abune the shadows daw'
Heavenly visions bright with promise,
When the nicht begins to fa'.

BELL.

INS TO FA.

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fa'.

amang;
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ended,

h tears;

omise,

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WITHIN THE NIGHT

AND

OTHER LYRICS.

BY

THE SAME AUTHOR.

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MONTREAL.

THE LOST LANGSYNE.

Words by JOHN ARBORY. Music by J. O. MURDOCH.

Expressively.

The lost lang - - syne! O, the lost lang - - syne! Wi' the

day-light sae sweet, an' the gloam- -in' sae fine, The heart yirms

aye, an' the thocht win - na tyne, For the years far a - wa' i' the

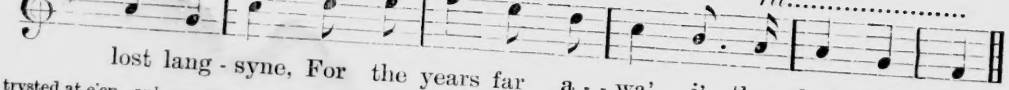
rit.

lost lang - syne, For the years far a - - wa' i' the lost lang-syne.

We trysted at e'en—an' acourtin' gaed we
When the 'oors sped sae swift 'neath the auld thorn tree,
Sae blythe and sae blate—dae ye min'; dae ye min':
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

Or, the hairst was afit, an' the liltin' was free,
An' the sangs that were sung were sae pawky an' slee,—
For the luve-licht was glintin', and young hearts were kin',
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

(SPECIMEN PAGE.)



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